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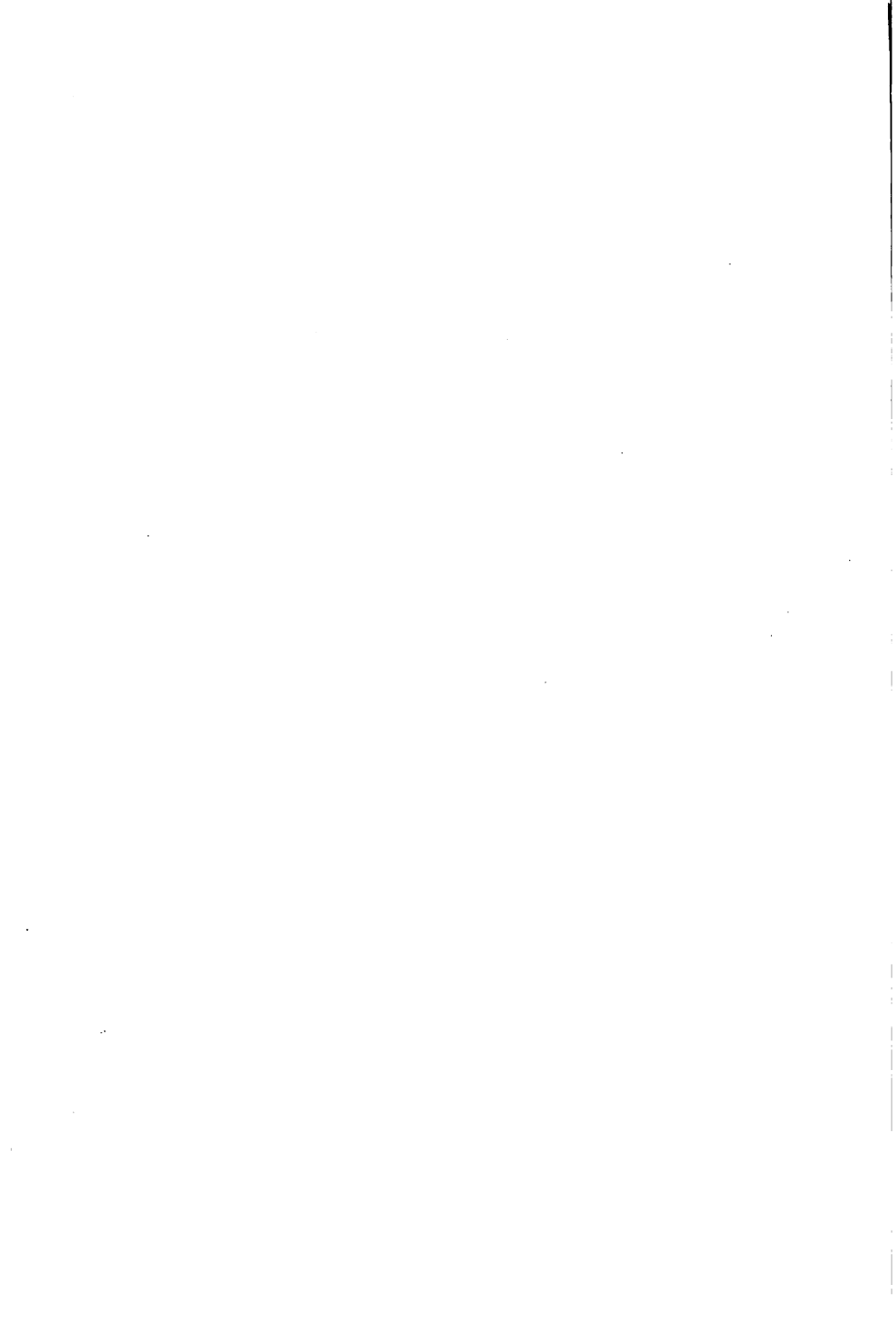
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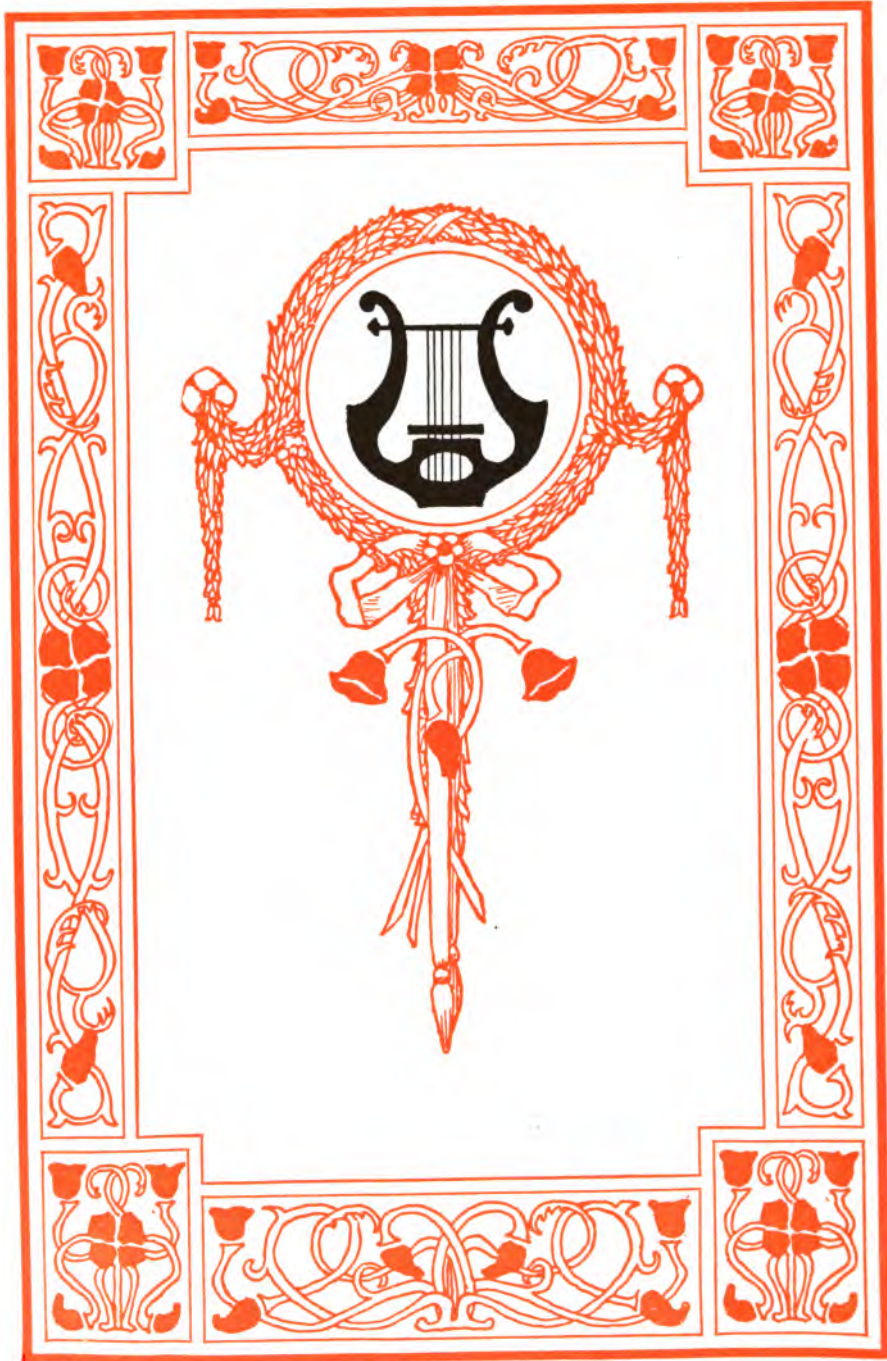














# A CALIFORNIA TROUBADOUR

BY  
CLARENCE THOMAS URMY

AUTHOR OF  
A ROSARY OF RHYME  
A WREATH OF CALIFORNIA LAUREL  
A VINTAGE OF VERSE  
UNDER THE TOYON TREE  
(IN PREPARATION)

*My lute on lifted hands  
I hold  
And pray this prayer:  
Tune Thou the strings,  
let them unfold  
Thy mercy, love and  
care,  
And let it now and ever  
be  
An instrument that  
pleases Thee.*

SAN FRANCISCO  
A. M. ROBERTSON  
. 1912

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*The Youth's Companion.*

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[iii]

*From them to you, how great the span,  
When measured by the life of man ;*

*From you to them, how short the space,  
When measured by your verses' grace !*

*Dead are the Lovers, dead each Dame —  
Deathless their Songs, enrolled by Fame !*

*Of Beauty and of Love they sang,  
With praise of Love their verses rang,*

*With praise of Beauty rang their verse,  
While Lovers' fealty they rehearse.*

*And you, in newer word and phrase,  
The same sweet themes of olden days,*

*The worth of Beauty, truth of Love,  
Love's faith, all other faith above,*

*In newer phrase and word you sing,—  
The self-same praises of the Spring —*

*Spring of the World, Spring of the Heart,  
That Spring whence springs all truth in Art !*

*So may some song of yours enshrine  
A lambent spark of fire divine,*

*To kindle newly by your art  
The flame of Spring-tide in the heart —*

*You'll not have lived and loved in vain  
If one dead heart shall glow again !*

R. H. P.

*Sonoma, California,  
Christmas Day, Nineteen Hundred and Ten.*





[v]

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[1]

Come, Troubadours

Troubadours! Come sing again  
To the heart of hearts of men;  
Come with arms heaped full of roses,  
Wreath and garland bright with posies,  
For we need your fragrant lays  
In these dull and sordid days.

Troubadours! Again to Earth  
Bring love-music and love-mirth;  
Sing of glance and smile and kisses,  
Lover's vow and kindred blisses,  
For your arts and wiles we need  
In this age of grind and greed.

Troubadours! Fair fellowship,  
Sweet of lute and sweet of lip,  
Strike the love-cord that entices  
With its many rare devices,  
For we need love-tunes and rhymes  
In these heartless, faithless times.

Troubadours! Come sing once more  
*Chaunt* and *lai* of tender lore;  
Come in true, old minstrel fashion,  
Heart and tongue aflame with passion,  
Bringing from those days afar  
Once again "*Le Gai Savoir*"!





[2]

Blondel

Within my heart I long have kept  
A little chamber cleanly swept,  
Embroidered with a *fleur-de-lis*,  
And lintel boughs of redwood tree;  
A bed, a book, a crucifix,  
Two little copper candlesticks  
With tapers ready for the match  
The moment I his footfall catch,  
That when in thought he comes to me  
He straightway at his ease may be.  
This guest I love so to allure —  
Blondel, King Richard's troubadour!

He often comes, but sings no more  
(He says his singing days are o'er!);  
Still, sweet of tongue and filled with tales  
Of knights and ladies, bowers and vales,  
He caps our frugal meal with talk  
Of *langue d'oïl* and *langue d'oc*,  
Of Picardy and Aquitaine,  
Blanche of Castile and Charlemagne,  
Of *ménestrel*, *trouvère*, *conteur*,  
*Mime*, *histrion*, and old *harpeur* —  
Small wonder that I love him well,  
King Richard's troubadour, Blondel!

Still, as he comes at candle-light  
And goes before the east is bright,  
I have no heart to beg him keep



[3]

Late hour with me when wooed by sleep ;  
But one request I ever make,  
And ever no for answer take :  
He will not make the secret mine,  
What song he sang at Dürrenstein !  
Sleep, troubadour ! Enough that thou  
With that sweet lay didst keep thy vow  
And link thy name by deathless art  
With Richard of the Lion Heart !



[4]

### Wood-Wind

Hither, Wood-wind, lend thy lips  
Where this mountain brooklet slips  
Under alder, buckeye, bay,  
Oaken bough and willow spray;  
Lend thy lips, and let the tone  
Be like fairy bugles blown,  
Fairy bugles blown afar  
In the Land of Evening Star.

Hither, Wood-wind, touch thy tongue  
To the flutes with garlands hung;  
There are notes that only thou  
Canst awake from branch and bough,  
Notes that Pan with piping sweet  
Charms Terpsichore's light feet,  
Or the softer notes that dwell  
Deep in Orpheus' golden shell.

Hither, Wood-wind, horns are here,  
Elfin horns to woodmen dear,  
Hanging at the ivory door  
Of each spreading sycamore;  
Breathe upon these alder boughs  
And thy gentle strains shall rouse  
Dreams that in hushed valleys dwell,  
Crowned with wreaths of asphodel.

Hither, Wood-wind, thou dost know  
Haunt of pebbly piccolo,



[5]

And the cave of clarionet  
In the reeds with ripples wet;  
There are diapason stops  
In the sky-tipped redwood tops;  
Blow thereon and we shall hear  
Music of a primal year!

Welcome, Wood-wind, at our call;  
Or was it the waterfall  
Or a falling leaf's low cry  
That didst bid thee wander by?  
Breathe and blow and drive away  
All the care and fret of day,  
While the pine trees' soft bassoon  
Murmurs magic to the moon.



[6]

### The Groves of Pan

Take my hand, and we will stroll  
To the foot of yonder knoll,  
Down a valley, through a brake,  
By a lily-mantled lake,  
O'er a meadow Eden-fair,  
(Pegasus is pastured there!)  
Up a little wooded slope,  
Then a wicket gate we ope;  
In this dew your finger dip,  
And unseen we then shall slip  
Down this willow-bowered wynd,  
Through this coppice, fir-confined.  
Now step softly as you can:  
We have reached the Groves of Pan!

Oh, the beauty of the breeze  
In the leafy laurel trees,  
And the rhymes when down the glade  
Branch and bough are zephyr-swayed!  
List the rhythmic, quiet call  
Of the woodland waterfall,  
And the strophe of the streams —  
Melody adrift in dreams!  
From a covert, cool and dim,  
Floats an elfin morning hymn.  
Hark! Three nymphs in dalliance met  
Trill a tuneful triolet.  
Hush! A dryad and a faun  
Sing a duo to the dawn.



[7]

Now comes Pan, his syrinx set  
To a joyous canzonet,  
All his court, a jocund train,  
Joining in the glad refrain;  
Every insect, bee and bird  
In the perfect cadence heard;  
Every tree in every grove  
Bowing at the name of Jove!  
To some sylvan temple bound  
Moves the train with choral sound;  
On from grove to grove they wend  
Till with dusk and dark they blend.

\* \* \* \* \*

Let us seek the haunts of man;  
Farewell to the Groves of Pan!



[8]

### Dreams in the Redwoods

When early stars down twilight pathways rove,  
And deep-set, leaf-set canyon streamlets croon  
Their canticles unto the crescent moon,  
What rare enchantment fills this redwood grove!  
Gone is the net of care that Daylight wove,  
The toil and weariness of afternoon,  
And up from crimson sea and rose lagoon  
Night drives her dreams, a misty, drowsy drove.  
These redwood dreams! The silver Mission bells,  
The footprints of the Padres, fading fast,  
The sails adventurous that decked the shore;  
Then on and on into the purple past  
Where redwood after redwood softly tells  
Mysterious tales of immemorial lore!



[9]

## Loiterland

Take the road that sharply turns  
To the right at Point of Ferns,  
Then straight on until you see  
On a bough of laurel tree:  
*Linger Lane, foot-path, no freight ;*  
*Traveler, please close the gate.*  
Ope the portal ; lo, you stand  
On the edge of Loiterland !

Oh, the song and shade and scent  
In one benediction blent,  
Here where earth and air are rife  
With alluring Eden-life !  
Vision vouchsafed but to those  
Walking where the sunset rose  
Strews its leaves of gold and red  
O'er a land with dreams bespread !

Let us first all grief assuage  
At the Halcyon Hermitage,  
Drinking luscious hydromel  
From a sylvan, moss-grown well ;  
Nothing now our course deters —  
Bird and wind for couriers,  
Milestones writ in fairy script,  
Vocal guide-posts, elfin-lipped !

Shall we wander down this road  
To the Vale of Calm Abode,





[10]

Or to Fancy's Cottage, caught  
In a net of roses wrought?  
Where those purple hillocks rise  
Honeysuckle Hollow lies,  
Close where Sleep her scepter wields  
Over Day-dream Poppy-fields.

If you cross this vineyard crest  
You will come to Roamer's Rest;  
Then 't is but a step or so  
To the Drowsy Bungalow;  
Clover Croft is just behind  
Oaken boughs with moss entwined,  
And the inn called Heart's-ease stands  
Where the grove and brook clasp hands.

Listen! Was that music? Hark!  
Fountains talking in the dark,  
In the dark of spruce and fir,  
Dreams for their interpreter;  
Rills along the roadside run  
Seemingly of silver spun,  
Spun of silver in whose net  
Emerald and sard are set.

Here a canyon, lily-lit,  
Stately redwoods arching it,  
Woos with stream-sung serenade  
On to dimmer, deeper shade;  
Winds that down this valley veer  
Whisper, "Lotusland is near!"



[11]

Is that ocean, sea or lake  
Gleaming through yon bank of brake?

Lo, on Dreamland's coast we stand!  
White-sailed ports on every hand;  
See, a shallop trimmed with flowers  
Waits that we may call it ours!  
Let us quickly step aboard,  
Sailing softly twilightward,  
Seeking o'er celestial seas  
Gardens of Hesperides!



[12]

### A Jewel Song

Three gems upon a golden chain  
I ever keep,  
Clasped 'round my neck in joy, in pain,  
Awake, asleep.

The red of flame, the green of Spring,  
The white of tears  
Glow, gleam and sparkle on my string  
Of golden years.

The ruby of the Present, bright,  
Of value vast,  
The Future's emerald, and the white  
Pearl of the Past.



[13]

**"One Whose Name Was Writ in Water"**

*(February 23, 1821)*

"Writ in water"—yea, in all the springs  
That bubble into birth with murmurings  
Strange, untranslatable, of darks and deeps  
Where Lamia her serpent-vigil keeps.

"Writ in water"—yea, in all the brooks  
Along whose banks, with bosom-claspèd books,  
Rapt poets, young and old, with faces wan  
Seek further word of lost Hyperion.

"Writ in water"—yea, in lake and sea  
Where e'er the mirrored moon may chance to be,  
Fond dreamers find their sweetest solace there  
Along the path Endymion made fair.

"Writ in water"—yea, in ocean's breast,  
In every azure billow's foam-tipped crest—  
In every bubble, ripple, fountain, wave,  
Thy name in water written, cheats the grave.



[14]

## **A California Song**

**I come to you with a gift in my hand,  
A flower that grew in a golden land,  
A land on whose head is a poppy crown  
And the scent of the blossoms is wafted down  
To the amber bay and the topaz sea  
And the sun-god's grave by the cocoa tree.**

**I come to you with a flower whose face  
Is the zenith of beauty, the acme of grace ;  
There are dreams in its eyes, and the song on its  
lips  
Is the lullaby song of the shadow that slips  
O'er the tall purple mountain that watches like  
Fate  
The silver sails threading the fair Golden Gate.**

**I come to you with a flower whose breath  
Brings freedom from fear of disaster and death,  
For though El Dorado be blackened, and rock  
Through the demon of fire and the earthquake  
shock,  
There is peace in the hearts of her children who  
know  
The scent of the fields where the poppies grow.**



[15]

### A California River

This is the Yuba River, filled with tales  
Of camp and cabin, Argonauts and gold,  
With dear romance of fir-set mountain trails.

What wondrous legends might thy lips unfold,  
If but our eager ears were rightly tuned  
To nature's rhapsody by thee outrolled!

And yet thy liquid lyric, rhymed and runed  
Among the rocks that guard thy yellow bed,  
By echo in my heart is softly crooned,

And seaward on thy bosom, fancy led,  
Through canyons calm and cool I downward float  
To vales with poppy gardens richly spread,

Still on and on in slumber's dream-set boat,  
O'er seas of bygone years, and ever in mine ears  
The mellow music of thy golden throat!



[16]

To Bliss Carman

From Vagabondian ports a barque  
Sailed up the Sunset Sea,  
And just as daylight dawned from dark  
A voice called out to me:  
"Ho, Brother! May I moor my ark  
Here at your Redwood Tree?"

Across the poppy fields I flung  
My welcome down the shore;  
Oh, how I longed for tuneful tongue,  
For lay of Lydian lore,  
For harp with strings of silver strung  
My greeting to outpour —

"Thrice welcome, Vagabondian Bard,  
Thou Modern Mariner,  
From haunts with Golden Rowan starred,  
Pan Pipes and Dulcimer,  
With Camelbar the battle-scarred —  
Hail, Heart's Interpreter!"

\* \* \* \* \*

With what delight I backward look  
Upon that golden day  
When for brief moments one forsook  
The Low Tide on Grand Pré,  
And bode with me and Bough and Book  
In rose-wreathed San José.



[17]

### The Trail Beautiful

Here starts the trail —  
This redwood tree —  
Walk down the cool  
Dim depths with me;  
No need of guide,  
We much prefer  
A butterfly  
For courier!  
And if the path  
Should prove obscure  
We have the brook  
For troubadour  
To lead and lure  
With singing sweet  
Back to the trail  
Our straying feet.  
Is that the wind  
Among the trees,  
Or sounding of  
Pacific seas?  
Again, again,  
Ah, 't is the sea,  
And, troubadour,  
It calls to thee!  
Down, down we stray,  
The woods grow dense,  
The air is rife  
With frankincense,





[18]

The odor sweet  
Of fir and pine,  
For weary hearts  
The anodyne!  
Here's eglantine,  
And through the grass  
I think I saw  
A pixy pass —  
A shadow? No,  
I felt his wings —  
Hark! Is it he  
Who softly sings  
Far up the hill  
Where purple haze  
Hints at the home  
Of sprites and fays?  
An upland slope,  
Then down again  
Where lilies light  
A dusky glen;  
Now straightway out  
Into the sun,  
Then into shade  
Where, one by one,  
Day-dreams entwine  
A filmy veil  
That dims the wood  
And blurs the trail —

\* \* \* \*

Far up the hill



A CALIFORNIA  
TROUBADOUR



[19]

Is that a star  
That beckons us  
Afar, afar?  
Come! Back along  
The trail where now  
The moon peers through  
Still branch and bough;  
Up, up we climb  
Unto the crest  
That cradles home  
And sleep and rest;  
Draw, troubadour,  
Dreams from the sky,  
Trail Beautiful  
Good night, good-bye!



[20]

## The Sleepless

The woods at night for sleep were fain ;  
The Wind crept down each leafy lane  
    And sang a lullaby ;  
First trunk and branch, then bough and spray,  
Then lastly leaf, in slumber lay —  
    The Wind paused with a sigh.

For Oh, my heart was fain for sleep !  
I felt the Wood-wind closer creep  
    And o'er my pillow stray ;  
Fear, Pain and Care with peace were filled,  
But Memory would not be stilled,  
    And sobbed till dawn of day.



[21]

### Forest Couplets

Beneath a redwood let me lie  
And all its harmonies untie :

Melodic sequences of spray  
And bough and trunk in rich array ;

Chromatic hue and tint and shade  
Of beryl, emerald and jade ;

Cadenzas, day-dreams that enfold  
The *padres*, argonauts and gold ;

Soft passing notes, the tones that tell  
Of poppy-field and mission bell ;

With sea-wind cadences that blow  
In dominant arpeggio,

Resolving into chords full blent  
Of solace, peace, and calm content.



[22]

Poetry

Call not by name of Poetry the verse  
That neither soothes men's worldly pains and  
cares

Nor lifts the thoughts of men by golden stairs  
To starry thrones; a name so high, so terse,  
Should never join a blessing and a curse,  
Nor give to idle songs and vulgar airs  
The christening we give to praise and prayers  
That laureled poets on their harps rehearse.

But call by name of Poetry the lines  
That show us stars where scarcely stars belong,  
That grow us golden fruit on barren vines,  
That fill deep silences with deeper song,  
And grant us glimpses of the worlds that lie  
Beyond the reach of human ear and eye.



[23]

### Revelment

Let me tell how rhythm with its rime should flow :  
As the laugh of leaves when soft zephyrs blow,  
As the waves with gracile hand  
Write their names upon the sand.

Let me tell how music with its verse should mate :  
As the dark with dawn, rapt, inviolate,  
As the soil and sun disclose  
Sweet communion in a rose.

Let me tell how fancy from the heart should leap :  
As the cloud full-fraught rises from the deep,  
As the Spring at God's behest  
Wakes, and, lo, the world is blest !



[24]

### By the Guadaloupe

From happy haunts in hills afar,  
The sparkling water dances,  
Attuned to song and gay guitar  
Of olden-day romances.

A *caballero's* serenade,  
A *señorita's* laughter,  
With gleams of chillies fair arrayed  
On smoky wall and rafter.

Beneath this turquoise-tinted sky,  
Here in this green pavilion,  
At peace with all the world I lie  
Enwrapped in dreams Castilian;

Blue lie the hills of Santa Cruz;  
Low in the sky hangs Hesper;  
And Santa Clara's bells diffuse  
The holy balm of vesper.

It falls on dreamful eye and ear,  
Bids care depart and bliss come;  
A ghostly *padre* passes near —  
How sweet his "*Pax vobiscum!*"



[25]

**"I Lay My Lute Beside Thy Door"**

What was it Colin gave to thee? —  
A blossom from the hawthorn tree?  
A flower of song is all I own,  
A little dreamland rose, half blown.  
Oh, deck thy tresses, I implore —  
I lay my lute beside thy door!

What was it Damon sent to thee? —  
A gleaming pearl from Eastern sea?  
A gem of song is all I own,  
A tiny, glistening, tear-stained stone.  
Oh, wear it — 't will my peace restore —  
I lay my lute beside thy door!

What was it Lubin brought to thee? —  
A falcon from the dewy lea?  
A bird of song is all I own,  
And to thy heart it now has flown.  
Oh, cage it, let it roam no more —  
I lay my lute beside thy door!





[26]

**Sword, Go Through the Land!**

Sword, go through the land and slay  
Guile and Hate, Revenge, Dismay!  
Now where is such a sword, you say?

Sword, go through the land, but spare  
Love and Hope and Peace and Prayer!  
Now who, you ask, that sword shall bear?

Sword, go through the land, and youth,  
Prime and age shall cry: "Forsooth,  
How mighty is the sword called Truth!"



[27]

### The Poet-Touch

**What is the poet-touch? Ah me, that every  
bard might gain it,  
And having once attained the prize, forever  
might retain it:—**

***To touch no thing that's vile, unless to teach  
the world to scorn it,***

***To touch no thing that's beautiful, save only  
to adorn it!***



[28]

### To Ina Coolbrith

Poppy Fields, what shall I say?  
"Tell her of our love, alway;  
Tell her that our buds unfold  
More of grace and more of gold  
Since her singing chanced to stray  
O'er this land with blossoms gay."

Redwood Groves, what shall I say?  
"Tell her of our love, alway;  
Of a primal love sincere  
Whereby we her name revere,  
Teaching it to sprite and fay  
And to tender, new-born spray."

Western Winds, what shall I say?  
"Tell her of our love, alway;  
Tell her how we bear afar  
Songs of hers from star to star,  
Where they sweep and swing and sway  
Till the angels homage pay."

Sun-down Seas, what shall I say?  
"Tell her of our love, alway;  
Tell how Wave and Shore desire  
Speech like that of her fond lyre.  
How they fain would learn one lay  
That her golden strings convey."



[29]

Sunset Skies, what shall I say?  
"Tell her of our love, alway;  
Tell her of the peace that lies  
Far beyond all earthly skies,  
Peace that shall be hers for aye  
When shall dawn that Perfect Day."



[30]

## Friend of Mine

You have bound yourself so closely round my  
heart,

Friend of mine,  
That it seems as if our paths could never part,  
Friend of mine!

Oft the vine forsakes the wall,  
Stars have e'en been known to fall —  
You are not like star or vine,  
Friend of mine!

You have played upon the lute-strings of my soul,  
Friend of mine,  
Singing blissful songs that through my being roll,  
Friend of mine;  
There are silences somewhere,  
Songless lips of mute despair —  
Sing for aye your song divine,  
Friend of mine!

You have decked my life with roses red as flame,  
Friend of mine,  
And of Paradise made more than just a name,  
Friend of mine;  
Flowers fade, their perfume dies,  
Visions pass from watching eyes,  
But in heaven our roses shine,  
Friend of mine!



[ 31 ]

### A Roundelay

Come, stroll down this lane with me,  
Weave a bright chain with me,  
And sing a sweet strain with me,  
Over and over ;  
Love's harp is in tune with us,  
Now it is June with us,  
And joy is triune with us,  
Joy, the young rover !

No telling what Time may bring,  
What a new rhyme may bring !  
For Fate from far clime may bring  
Sad call to sever ;  
The harp may be strung again,  
Songs may be sung again,  
But we shall be young again —  
Never, ah, never !



[ 32 ]

### **Dream-Song**

**Magic perfume of a rose  
That in Allah's garden grows.**

**Pale, pale light by Cynthia set  
Deep in Twilight's coronet.**

**Angel music, reed and string,  
Through the starlight quavering.**

**Music, perfume, light enshrine  
Thee in every dream of mine.**

**May this little dream-song be  
Music, perfume, light to thee !**



[33]

### The Unattained

Like some rapt Poet, hand-clasped with Desire,  
Pacing through dew and dark,  
If haply he may learn upon his lyre  
The lyric of a lark —

So I, hand-clasped with Dreams, oft-times afar  
Through spheres celestial stroll,  
If haply I may reach the certain star,  
Where dwells Her sainted soul.





[34]

### At a Wayside Shrine

Fair shrine of Mary! What sweet lure, I wonder,  
Has led me to this leaf-embroidered glen,  
As with unfettered feet I sought to sunder  
My soul and body from the haunts of men?

I say the sweet "Hail Mary"; never dearer  
Have Gabriel's tender words seemed to my soul,  
For something in this spot has made them clearer  
And marks a golden milestone toward life's goal.

The checkered shine and shade through branches  
drifting,  
The new-born birds that strive so hard to sing,  
The "*Pax Vobiscum*" of the breeze uplifting  
The tendrils of the baby vines of Spring—

The fair enfoldment of the alders bending  
(It was upon a tree His body hung) —  
And with it all "*Magnificat*" is blending  
By waters of the brooklet sweetly sung.

The sun behind the hill is slowly creeping,  
Far up the canyon sounds the Angelus—  
Ring on, sweet bell, her memory sacred keeping—  
Oh, sweet and blessed Mother, pray for us!



[35]

### The Cameo-Cutter

Worker in that most venerable art  
So much esteemed in medieval days,  
And now brought forth for fresher, brighter bays,  
What talismanic dreams must crowd thy heart,  
Of brilliant booths in Greek and Roman mart,  
Where careful, cunning workmen deftly raise  
On jasper, onyx, bloodstone, chrysoprase,  
The life and scenes of which they form a part.  
O patient lapidary! in the stone  
What wondrous arabesques of shine and shade  
Abide their time thy tracing to adorn —  
Imprisoned beams, perchance, that one day shone  
In primal Eden-bower, glen or glade,  
Waiting thy touch — their resurrection morn!



[36]

Coronach

"Earth to earth"—then let it be  
Something that was dear to me,  
Earth whose fond arms guarded well  
Some great giant sentinel  
That aloft his proud head rears,  
Warder of two hemispheres!  
Earth from some leaf-littered aisle  
Dimly stretching mile on mile  
Through dark temples where naught stirs  
Save the shy wind-worshippers,  
Nymph and dryad, faun and fay,  
And a poet, far astray!

"Ashes to ashes"—let it be  
Something that was dear to me,  
Branch and bough and leaf that made  
By the road a pleasant shade;  
Manzanita, fir or pine,  
Laurel, with its leaf divine.  
Build the fire of spruce or oak,  
Or of any kindred folk,  
Only let the blaze not be  
Kindled with the redwood tree;  
Sacred be those columns vast  
Of the immemorial past!

"Dust to dust"—but let it be  
Something that was dear to me,



[ 37 ]

Dust the *padres'* feet have pressed  
Following their high behest,  
Where they reared the sainted shrine,  
Planted olive grove and vine;  
Dust within whose lifted cloud  
Fantasies and visions crowd —  
Dreams Castilian, dreams of gold,  
Tales of Argonauts, untold  
Save at night by starlit breeze  
To the groves of redwood trees!

*Earth from redwood-darkened trail,  
Dust from El Camino Real —  
Ashes of a mountain tree,  
On me let them sprinkled be.*



[38]

### A Woodland Revel

Hither, Strephon, Chloe, Phyllis,  
Corydon and Amaryllis;  
Hasten, Lubin and Lysander,  
Daphne, Colin, and Sylvander;  
Come, Jocunda, Delia, Doris,  
Let us dance the merry morris;  
Play up, pipers! Bee and cricket,  
All ye minstrels of the thicket,  
Tune up, strike up to the measure  
Of the golden wand of pleasure;  
Dance, ye rustics, swain and yokel,  
Making all the greenwood vocal,  
Filling joy's glad cup completely,  
As we sing and foot it feately.

Now what dear delight to wander  
While our hearts grow fond and fonder,  
Breathing incense, balm, and spices,  
Gazing on the fair devices  
Arabesqued by shade and shimmer  
Through the tree-tops, dim and dimmer;  
Up the hill and down the hollow,  
Through the paths deer love to follow,  
With a bubbling spring for ending  
Under redwood boughs low-bending;  
Filling fardels with pomander  
Of the wildwood oleander;  
Laurel-wreaths our boughs entwining,  
Love-light in our eyes soft shining!



[39]

Shepherds, rest! Ye shepherdesses,  
Here are crispy water-cresses,  
Ripe-red berries sunlight-basking,  
To be had without the asking;  
And in high and dim seclusion  
Hazel-nuts in rare profusion;  
Nectar from a fairy fountain  
Hidden in a misty mountain,  
Spread in wondrous rich libation  
For our ease and delectation.  
See, the shadows deeply darting  
Bid us sing a song of parting;  
Hey for home! Lo, for our guiding  
Hesper in the dusk abiding!



[40]

At Santa Cruz

The white cliffs wooed me and I slept  
Within their fond embraces,  
Foam-flowers wooed the moon and crept  
From out their crystal vases,  
Crept not so near \* \* \* crept not so high \* \* \*  
We were alone — the cliffs and I.

The mountain breeze from forest lanes  
Brought echoes, piped and choral,  
From dryads hid in dark domains  
Of redwood, fir and laurel —  
'T was sweet to hear the drowsy bay  
Croon to a Pan-piped virelay!

Calypso called me to her cave  
Adown the shining shingle,  
And far beyond the utmost wave  
Where moon and ocean mingle  
I heard the Lorelei, and felt  
Earth, sea and sky in music melt.

A boat came sailing down the dark  
By some sweet necromancy,  
Perchance it was a fairy barque  
Bound for the Isles of Fancy;  
I stepped aboard \* \* \* go ask some star  
Just where those Ports of Dreamland are!



[41]

### Beside the Western Sea

From some faint star I passed to earth,  
And here found breath and mortal birth  
In land that lies along a reach  
Of rock-bound coast and palm-bound beach;  
Pass but its golden threshold — lo!  
A spell from out the long ago,  
Conceived by some strange sorcerer  
Who captive binds each voyager;  
A landscape bright and Eden-fair,  
A mighty magic in the air,  
With names that sweetly slide and slip  
Across the soft Castilian lip,  
And bid the heart-strings gently stir  
Like sound of lute and dulcimer —  
This was my fortune, born to be  
A brother to the Western Sea.

The days unfold — I joy to list  
The songs of bard and balladist,  
Whose chanting woos me with the wine  
That purples peaceful Palestine,  
Or weaves in graceful silhouette  
Tall tapering tower and minaret;  
Or tales of river, lake and sea  
Set sapphire-like by hill and lea,  
Bestrewn with garden hue and scent  
From far-famed bowers of Orient,  
And echoed notes from dewy dales





[ 42 ]

Where moons are wooed by nightingales —  
But no, their perfect portraiture  
Enchants, but has no power to lure  
My faithful heart, content to be  
A dweller by the Western Sea.

This my reward — I breathe the air  
Blest by Franciscan praise and prayer,  
Made holier still by silver swell  
From many a dulcet Mission bell ;  
I have my northern snow-capped peaks,  
From whose grand heights fair Nature speaks  
To ocean, valley, plain, and calls  
Afar to wondrous waterfalls ;  
I have my skies of sunset gold,  
Dream-fields where poppy leaves unfold,  
And hammock-swung 'twixt pine and palm  
Life runneth as a song-set psalm ;  
Time drifting goes — each year anew  
Still finds me constant, loyal, true,  
And more and more content to be  
A dreamer by the Western Sea.



[43]

## California Skies

California skies!  
Balm for the eyes!  
Where orange groves or redwoods rise;  
By Shasta's snow, Diego's sand  
Or old Diablo's dream-set land;  
By San Francisco Bay so blue,  
Or down some cypress avenue  
Near Monterey; by lake Sierra-rimmed,  
Or yet afar in valleys vineyard-trimmed;  
On plain where Ceres waves her wand,  
Or where Pomona fond  
And all her train in foothill orchards drowse  
Under low-bending boughs —  
Look up!  
And from the turquoise cup  
Drain dreams and rest!  
Ah, none so blest  
As one who weary of life's endless quest  
In this fair meadow poppy-pillowed lies  
Day-dreaming 'neath these California skies —  
Balm for the eyes!



[44]

### In a Cathedral

"The Lord is in His holy temple." I  
Through Sentence, Psalter and the Credo stand,  
With mind upon the Architect Who planned  
These columned walls, this fane so fair, so high;  
What graceful arabesques, what wondrous dye  
In windows fashioned by a Master-hand,  
And where in all the world a nave so grand —  
This grove of redwoods reaching to the sky!

Hush! Listen to the Litany of leaves  
A-murmur to the breeze that, seaward set,  
Is bearing spice from canyons far above;  
And now, with sunset-veiling, Twilight weaves  
A purple altar-cloth, and lingers yet  
The *Nunc Dimittis* of a woodland dove.



[45]

### A Casement Canzonet

I know a little window in frame of ivy set,  
A tiny cottage casement clasped with emerald  
amulet;  
And looking through this window you see a  
garden old—  
Petunia, dahlia, mullein-pink, and rose and  
marigold.

But oh, this little window with ivy curtains  
hung,  
I would my sweetest singing might in praise of  
it be sung!  
For, looking through this window, a world of joy  
is mine—  
Dreams, visions, hopes and fantasies, all golden,  
all divine!



[46]

## Mountain Haze

The purple shadow of an angel's wing  
Is flung across the range, and softly creeps  
Adown the mountain-side; the rocky steeps  
Are blurred with veils of amethyst that fling  
Their filmy folds 'round barren spots that cling  
To jagged slopes; the yawning canyon keeps  
Fond tryst with Dusk, the windless forest sleeps,  
With naught save one faint, long line lingering.

So, when the angel-shadow falls on me,  
And from Life's landscape I am blotted out,  
Ne'er to return to my accustomed place,  
In Memory's haze let my shortcomings be  
Concealed, forgotten, but may no one doubt  
That I the line of beauty sought to trace.



[47]

Nectar

In a golden bowl I brew  
Leaf of rose and violet dew,  
And the essences of things  
Natal to Pierian springs :  
Bird-song, brook-song, breeze a-blow,  
Sweets that in dream-gardens grow ;  
Spray that leaped the harbor bar  
Amorous of the twilight star ;  
Bubbles of delight that float  
From a seraph's liquid note ;  
Bloom from Joy's low-bending bough ;  
Cupid, drop a kiss — and now,  
Sweetheart, here 's a health to thee,  
Drink the draught, Sweetheart, with me !



[48]

### The Way to the Violet Hills

The guide-posts are a song, a rose,  
The star that marks the daylight's close,  
The crescent moon, or breeze that blows  
From valleys where the dream-flower grows.

Adown the lane of lover's eyes,  
On through the gates of glad surprise,  
Then up the path of low replies —

Ah, breathe the fragrance Love distils  
From out the heart of the Violet Hills!



[49]

### The Vanished Voice

You slipped your Mother-hand from mine  
And went your way with seraphim,  
But in my heart your voice divine  
Grew never dumb, grows never dim ;  
It leads me up the Path of Dreams  
That rambles through the Vale of Rhyme,  
And on and on by silver streams  
That haunt the Hills of Chant and Chime.

Your voice ! I hear it in the call  
Of woodland wind in redwood boughs,  
And in the wild-bird notes that fall  
Across the field where poppies drowse ;  
And all the sweetness to be found  
In word or tune my songs among  
Is in the dear and dulcet sound  
I fain would echo of your tongue !





[50]

### An Elfin Skein

A ripple through the redwoods ran,  
An echo from a fairy clan  
Slipped down the sky;  
And suddenly the groves began  
To voice a sibylline reply  
Caught from the mellow pipes of Pan,  
Now far, now nigh.

A Mystery enrobed in mist,  
With girdle set with amethyst  
And sapphires three,  
Came down the hill-path, twilight-kissed,  
Crept softly to my trysting tree;  
It caught and held me by the wrist,  
And spoke to me:

"Tonight the elfin skein is spun;  
Ere vigil of the moon is done,  
The mesh we wind  
Round redwood circles, every one,  
And mortals whom therein we bind  
Shall at the dawning of the sun  
Great gladness find."

I slipped into a redwood ring;  
The Mystery took sudden wing,  
And down the glade  
I heard the fauns and dryads sing  
Chant, madrigal and serenade,



[51]

And then — it was so strange a thing!  
I felt them fade!

\* \* \* \* \*

I woke, sun kissed, and gossamer  
Spun by some moonlit messenger  
Bedecked my bed;  
I hardly dared to breathe or stir,  
So deftly was the fiber spread —  
I, Fortune's happy prisoner,  
Held by a thread!

I must not break the magic spell  
Revealing what great joy befell;  
But oh, I fain  
Would wish that all the world might dwell  
One night within that sweet domain,  
And wake to love, as I love well,  
An elfin skein!



[ 52 ]

### The Golden Legacy

My mother had no gold to share,  
Nor land, nor herd, nor merchandise —  
(My brother has her silken hair,  
My sister has her azure eyes!)  
To me she left no comeliness  
That to the form or face belong,  
But oh, one gift I do possess,  
The blessed heritage of song!

Long, long ago in cradle days  
Her sweet voice would my heart beguile,  
When I could nothing do but gaze  
Into the heaven of her smile!  
I learned the songs in later years  
And with her sang them o'er and o'er —  
O Memory, thy lute and tears  
Must meet and mingle evermore!

"T was "Hush, my babe," — as fades the light  
I hear her softly, sweetly croon,—  
Then "Afton Water," "Stilly Night,"  
"Sanctissima," and "Silver Moon";  
She sang them with such tender art,  
The art that only mothers know,  
And tied the tunes around my heart,  
Else it had broken long ago!



[ 53 ]

### To a New Acquaintance

You speak my name and I speak yours, and up  
The curtain goes. What is the play to be—  
Like to a draught of nectar, or the cup  
That Hate drains from the deadly upas tree?

You take my hand and I take yours, the song  
Begins, our duo in the scheme of life;  
What will the cadence be — full, sweet and strong,  
Or poor and thin, with jar and discord rife?

We look into each other's eyes, a light  
Is born — would we might read on Time's dim  
scroll

If it be born to flicker for a night,  
Or brighten into Friendship's aureole!



[54]

### The Necklace

Hand-clasped with dreams, I sought both far and near  
For jewels for the chain;  
Hand-clasped with dreams, no task was too severe  
Or could my steps detain.

I found one stone within a steadfast star,  
Another in a rose,  
One lay beneath a deep-set, moaning bar  
Where beat a tide of woes.

Some passed to me from out an angel's hand,  
Some from a dreamland tree,  
And one day, walking in an alien land,  
A stranger gave me three!

Close-hidden in a tear-dewed violet  
I found a priceless prize;  
My fairest gem reflects the love-light set  
Within a dear one's eyes.

And now, the jewels burnished, golden-bound,  
For me their charm diffuse  
In rarest rainbow gleams that glow around  
The white throat of my Muse!



[55]

### A Lyric for a Lute

Bring the lute at vespertide,  
Ope the sunset casement wide,  
Let the breath from locust boughs  
Blow across our weary brows,  
While the daytime's vague unrest  
Still shall lie on Evening's breast,  
Hushed by tones that softly slip  
From thy dulcet lute and lip.

Bring the lute at vespertide,  
Let the songs be true and tried,  
Olden themes and olden lays,  
Tender tunes of bygone days;  
Let them quaver, fall and rise  
Through the faintly star-set skies,  
Echoing the bells that chime  
In the ivy towers of Time.

Bring the lute at vespertide,  
Lo, a Spirit by our side,  
Crowned with mingled rose and rue,  
Dim with dusk and damp with dew —  
Memory! Oh, sing, and so  
We will restward gently go,  
Drifting down Sleep's silver streams  
To the peaceful Port of Dreams.



[56]

### A Little Love-Song

My heart, my heart 's a bonny bird  
That carols songs the sweetest heard ;  
My heart, my heart 's a fountain fair  
That sparkles in the golden air ;  
My heart 's a rosy-raptured rhyme  
That echoes to the glad Spring-time.

My heart, my heart 's a bud a-bloom  
That lights with love a greenwood gloom ;  
My heart, my heart 's a silver star  
That throws its beams afar, afar ;  
My heart 's a canticle divine —  
And all because your heart is mine !



[57]

## When You Come Home

What golden suns will gild the happy skies,  
What incense from the meadow altars rise,  
What hymns fill all the groves with glad surprise—  
When you come home!

How Memory-bells will softly ring and rhyme  
Amid the dear old ivied towers of Time,  
As arm in arm we listen to their chime —  
When you come home!

At Joy's bright festal board shall we sit down,  
And Mirth and Music, each with myrtle crown,  
Will drive away the tear, the sigh, the frown —  
When you come home!

Suspense will quickly change to calm content,  
Desire with rare fulfilment will be blent,  
And meeting be one long, sweet sacrament —  
When you come home!





[58]

### Angel Lore

Great was his joy and great his glad surprise,  
When to a Seraph, new in Paradise,

Sandalphon beckoned, and into his ear  
Spoke thus, in measure sweet and calm and clear:

"From one far world where never yet was heard  
The speech of man or sea or wind or bird,

A voiceless earth, an orb in toneless air —  
From that sad people there has come a prayer,

A prayer so simple and yet so profound —  
A pleading for the blessed gift of sound!

An answer to that plea I now confer,  
And thee I choose as its interpreter!"

The Angel wept and low obeisance made,  
Sandalphon's hand upon his head was laid —

"Fly to that star, on pinions fresh and strong,  
And slay that virgin silence with a song!"

The Angel rose, and, smiling through his tears,  
Went singing down the pathway of the Spheres.



[59]

Lay

If I were to send thee roses,  
• They would wither and decay,  
Beauty not for long reposes  
From her bower torn away.

Or perchance if I should send thee  
In a golden cage a dove,  
Mute might be its song, nor lend thee  
E'en an echo of my love.

So instead of bird or flower  
I would send a simple lay —  
Let it charm thy brightest hour  
And bedeck thy darkest day.



[60]

### A Pilgrim Song

Sandal-shoon and scallop-shell,  
Tell me, where does Fancy dwell?

Up the pathway of the moon,  
Or adown the dewy dell  
Wherein Puck and Ariel

Dance a merry rigadoon?  
Come, you know the spot full well,  
Sandal-shoon and scallop-shell!

Scallop-shell and sandal-shoon,  
Is it o'er yon dim lagoon?

Or in haunts of shy gazelle,  
Where the starlit waters croon,  
And the lilies sway and swoon  
To the voice of Philomel?

Oh, but bring me thither soon,  
Scallop-shell and sandal-shoon!

Sandal-shoon and scallop-shell,  
Listen, 't is the vesper bell!

Ever since the hour of noon  
I have waited for that knell;  
Come, be gracious, and dispel

Daylight's doubt, and grant the boon  
That we couch in Fancy's cell —  
Sandal-shoon and scallop-shell!



[61]

## In a Mission Garden

(*Santa Barbara*)

Stand here, and watch the wondrous birth of Dreams  
From out the Gate of Silence. Time and Tide,  
With fingers on their lips, forever bide  
In large-eyed wonderment, where Thoughts and  
Themes

Of days long flown pass down the slumbrous streams  
To ports of Poet-land and Song-land. Side  
By side the many-colored Visions glide,  
And leave a wake where Fancy glows and gleams.

And then the bells! One stands with low-bowed  
head

While list'ning to their silver tongues recite  
The sweet tale of the Angelus—there slips  
A white dove low across the tiling red—  
And as we breathe a whispered, fond "Good night,"  
A "*Pax Vobiscum*" parts the *Padre's* lips.



[ 62 ]

### In a Pergola

Far in the west the glory of the day  
Fades o'er a redwood forest banked by hills  
Wherein a fairy sisterhood distils  
The dew of dreams in valleys twilight-gray.  
Come, dew of dreams, drift hitherward we pray,  
Sweet anodyne for grief and kindred ills,  
A benediction on the dusk that fills  
This garden where dim ghosts of memory stray.

Through paths of poppy, palm and eglantine  
They move in long processional and slow,  
With smile and nod and kissing of their hands,  
Then disappear in one long, sinuous line  
Where through the purple of the afterglow  
A white star beckons toward elysian lands.



[63]

## A Legend of the Madonna

Out of holy Bethlehem  
    Into Egypt flying,  
Herod's hate pursuing them,  
    Dangers multiplying,  
Hastened through the country wild  
Joseph, Mary and The Child.

When some distance they had passed,  
    Worn and weary growing,  
Came they to a field at last  
    Where a man was sowing  
Seed of corn in fertile ground —  
Mary's heart gave sudden bound,

To the husbandman she said:  
    " If men bid you aid them,  
Asking if this way we fled,  
    With your tongue persuade them,  
Saying: 'Yes, they passed at morn  
On the day I sowed this corn.' "

Then, a miracle, behold !  
    While the man was sleeping,  
All the field was turned to gold  
    Ready for the reaping,  
Stalk and blade and ear were there  
Gleaming in the sunlit air !



[ 64 ]

Came the men by Herod sent,  
Spied the man, and roughly  
Riding through the corn, they went,  
Calling to him gruffly:  
"Has an old man passed this way  
With a wife and child?" "Come, say?"

And the man, o'erwhelmed with awe,  
Viewed his field and wondered . . .  
"Yes," he said, "those three I saw."  
"How long since?" they thundered—  
"When I sowed this corn"—and then,  
Homeward rode King Herod's men.



[ 65 ]

### A Song of Far and Near

When in hours relentless  
Far from thee I fare,  
All the fields are scentless,  
All the boughs are bare;  
Skies are lone, forsaken,  
Sailless is the sea,  
Pain and grief awaken —  
Faring far from thee.

When in hours enravished  
Close by thee I bide,  
Joy seems to have lavished  
All her charms world-wide;  
Perfume, song and sweetness,  
Color and embrace  
Blend in one completeness —  
Gazing on thy face!





[66]

### How Steep the Stairs!

How steep the stairs that lead to fame —

How steep the stairs!

To pilgrims weary, heart-sick, lame,  
Who journey toward that distant flame  
Where glisten glory, power, name,  
How steep the stairs!

How steep the stairs that lead to love —

How steep the stairs!

That slender ladder fashioned of  
The purity of altar-dove,  
That leads to highest heaven above —  
How steep the stairs!

How steep the stairs that lead to God —

How steep the stairs!

For seeds that strive to pierce the sod,  
For children smarting 'neath the rod,  
For feet with sin and sorrow shod,  
How steep the stairs!



[67]

### Dream Chimes

Somewhere along the road that I am climbing  
I know that bells are ringing blithe and sweet;  
I hear them in my dreams so gently chiming,  
And hasten on with glad, expectant feet.

I wonder are they set within a steeple,  
Or are they hung beside a palace gate?  
And will they ring for crowds of kindred people,  
Or just for me alone, and soon, or late?

In day-dreams, too, I hear them faintly, faintly,  
As if a fairy bevy rang the chimes;  
And down into my heart they steal so quaintly,  
And weave their melodies into my rhymes.

Sometimes they play a measure so alluring,  
Of laurel and wild olive crown I dream;  
I wake — the dusty road! New faith procuring,  
I follow, as Sir Galahad the gleam!

Perhaps they sound across a valley vernal,  
Perchance far up a rugged mountainside;  
Ofttimes they ring with rapture so supernal  
It seems as if in heaven they must abide!

Sometime, somewhere, I know that I shall meet them  
And plainly hear them play the dear, old themes;  
And with what joy my swelling soul will greet them —  
Those bells of hope that chime adown my dreams!



[ 68 ]

### Rosemary

The day is fair with golden glow, song stirs the  
brooklet's lip,  
And down the leafy avenues gay swallows dart and  
dip;  
A balmy odor scents the air, soft winds low-laden  
bring  
The breath of violets — and yet, one cannot help  
remembering!

The lamps are lit, the blazing fire paints fancies on  
the floor,  
Close by the hearth I sit and hold a book of poet-  
lore;  
I part the curtains, peaceful stars their benediction  
bring,  
Across the sea the moon — and yet, one cannot help  
remembering!



[69]

### The Praise of Hope

Believe me, truly 't was not I  
Who sang that Hope did ever seem  
Like saddest singing in a dream —  
Believe me, truly 't was not I,  
Because for me the song of Hope  
Is bright as harp tones of Apollo;  
I hear it up life's laureled slope:  
"Oh, follow, follow, follow!"

Believe me, truly 't was not I  
Who sang that Hope did ever seem  
Like faded flowers in a dream —  
Believe me, truly 't was not I,  
Because for me the flower of Hope  
Blooms on each hill and down each hollow,  
And lured by fragrance up life's slope  
I follow, follow, follow!



[70]

### The Evening Star

Whene'er I see the evening star  
My thoughts fly far away to you —  
Thank God, there is no ban or bar  
To what a loving thought may do,  
Though hands and lips must oft forego  
The dear delights that lure them so!

Whene'er the evening star appears  
Before my raptured sight,  
A veil falls from mine eyes and ears,  
I see and hear aright;  
Thank God for memory that brings  
Close to the heart the dearest things!

The evening star — I cannot tell  
Wherein its magic lies;  
Thank God, it nightly deigns to dwell  
Within these lonesome skies;  
And ever may the fair star be  
A mizpah-light for you and me!



[71]

## The Willow Stream

A wondrous wealth of flower and fern,  
Sequestered nooks at every turn,  
And pools with tiny caves and dens  
Enfolding timid citizens;  
A stream from out whose ports of gloom  
Float argosies of lotus bloom,  
And arched with trees whose branches wide  
Drop melodies adown the tide —  
The tuneful branches whereupon  
Were hung the harps of Babylon!

Today these willow boughs are hung  
With instruments more deftly strung —  
The fairy viol, lyre and lute,  
The elfin horn and fife and flute,  
And sweeter still the pipes of Pan  
Soft pressed by lips Eolian —  
An orchestra that seems to be  
In league with gay Terpsichore  
To which the leaves all afternoon  
Are dancing reel and rigadoon.

Beside the willow-bowered stream  
How soon come dusk and dew and dream!  
Through interwoven shine and shade  
I hear a night bird's serenade;  
A note falls on a ripple's breast  
So gently soothing it to rest;



[72]

**And lo, the Lady Moon in white  
Draws back the curtain of the night,  
And with a kiss awakes a star —  
How still the stream and willows are!**



[73]

**A Rainbow Fancy**

**A seven-fold psalm of rapture spread along Heaven's  
vaulted aisle,  
And all because a Tear had told its sorrow to a  
Smile.**





[74]

Water, Leaf and Wing

*Tell me of a fairer thing  
Than the water, leaf and wing  
Unbound in the early spring!*

Water from the springs that sleep  
In the hillsides dark and deep,  
Singing in its silver flight  
Down the Valley of Delight.

Leaf that lifts an emerald eye  
To the turquoise-tinted sky,  
Harkening that it may hear  
Flora's footfall drawing near.

Wing of butterfly and bird,  
Air with rainbow colors blurred,  
Wing of dragonfly and bee  
O'er the honey-laden lea —

*Tell me of a fairer thing  
Than the water, leaf and wing  
Unbound in the early spring!*



[75]

### A Rhyme Rose

I fain would send thee dew-wet flowers — too far  
    apart we bide,  
Thou on the strand that greets the dawn, I by the  
    sundown tide ;  
So, up the ladder of my dreams a Romeo, I climb  
And to thy open casement bear a little rose of rhyme.

Its petals gleam, its inmost heart a scent divine  
    exhales —  
It bloomed within a bower hung with nests of  
    nightingales !  
But oh, to wed it to thy lute, and some sweet vesper-  
    time  
To tell thee all the rapture of this little rose of  
    rhyme !



[76]

Via Crucis

*The vision of dawn is leisure,  
But the truth of day is toil.*

• The sun comes up like a great, red rose,  
The perfume over the wide world blows,  
And, oh, to walk in the pathways fair  
With the rose-trimmed beds and scented air,  
And far at the garden's end a nook  
With You and a poet's dream-set book!

The sun goes down like a great red fire,  
And dies in ashes of vain desire,  
For my pathway lay outside the wall  
That girdled You and the roses tall,  
And my footprints show a deeper red  
And a crown of thorn is on my head!

Yet the vision stays with me all day,  
Sweet solace along the rough highway,  
Till the nails of Toil and spear of Want,  
Grief's bitter cup and the jeer and taunt  
Are touched by Sleep, and You softly glide  
Where I, with the dream, am crucified!



[77]

## A Day of Days

Within the calendar of life  
Of every human heart,  
There shines a day with beauty rife,  
That stands alone, apart —  
Distinct from other times and tides,  
The sorrowful or gay,  
With Memory it ever bides,  
A rose-crowned, perfect day.

No matter if fast fades the gold  
Of other morns to gray,  
And angel hands may not have rolled  
The stone of grief away —  
Bright shining through life's fond regret,  
Through cloud and tearful haze,  
Love's golden sun has never set  
Upon that day of days.



[ 78 ]

### The Golden Age

The golden age of golden dream —  
Oh, for the laureled brow  
When music laded every stream  
And burdened every bough!

The golden age of golden rhyme —  
Oh, for the tongue of flames  
When poesy was in its prime  
And nightingales had names!

The golden age of golden lyre —  
Oh, for the subtle string  
When love was wooed by heart's desire  
And song first heard of spring!

The golden age! The golden source  
Whence dew of thought had birth —  
Turn, cycles, in your heavenly course  
And bring it back to earth!



[ 79 ]

**Afternoon Callers**

**The summer leaves were overheard to say:  
"My! What a dreary, dull and stupid day!"  
(Enter Sir Whiff, Prince Zephyr, Baron Breeze,)  
My! What a merry chatter in the trees!**



[80]

A California Psalm

I lifted up mine eyes unto the hills  
Where fair Los Gatos like a lovely gem  
Is set in California's diadem;  
The sky was wreathed with sunset daffodils,  
And honey-dew that twilight hour distils  
Lay on the poppy fields and wet the hem  
Of Evening's robe, who softly sang to them  
A slumber song of Dreamland vales and rills.  
Unto the hills I lifted up mine eyes  
As one who seeks some guerdon or reward,  
And lo! into my heart of hearts there crept  
The grateful balm that weary mortals prize —  
The help that cometh even from the Lord,—  
And, gazing long, I ceased to gaze, and slept.



[81]

### The Things That Count

Not what we have, but what we use;  
Not what we see, but what we choose —  
These are the things that mar or bless  
The sum of human happiness.

The things near by, not things afar;  
Not what we seem, but what we are —  
These are the things that make or break,  
That give the heart its joy or ache.

Not what seems fair, but what is true;  
Not what we dream, but good we do —  
These are the things that shine like gems,  
Like stars, in Fortune's diadems.

Not as we take, but as we give;  
Not as we pray, but as we live —  
These are the things that make for peace,  
Both now and after Time shall cease.





[ 82 ]

### The Language of Love

A speech defying all the arts and crafts of tongue  
or pen,  
And yet the universal speech of angels and of men.



[ 83 ]

### The Singing Wind

Today the singing wind blows straight  
From o'er pacific seas;  
It wafts a boat with precious freight,  
This wonder-laden breeze —  
A shallop whose white wings enfold  
Dim dreams of argonauts and gold!

Today the singing wind floats by  
In blue and gold and green,  
Turquoise of California sky,  
The poppy's yellow sheen,  
The redwood's tinge, hope's hue divine,  
That decks these natal groves of mine!

Today the singing wind is fraught  
With scent of inner shrines,  
The incense of a fair love-thought  
That round heaven's lattice twines —  
Oh, singing wind, my soul you stir  
With perfumed memories of Her!

She, whom to know was raptured bliss,  
To lose was sorrow sore —  
Oh, mother mine, I feel thy kiss,  
I feel thine arms once more!  
See, singing wind, how thy blest art  
Has waked the lute-strings of my heart!



[84]

### An Old Guitar

I picked it up in northern Spain,  
This "Relic of the rosy reign  
Of Francis First or Charlemagne."

(So read the sign.)

In woeful, stringless dishabille  
It made such fervent, mute appeal  
That on the spot I closed the deal  
That made it mine.

It does not very kindly take  
To these six strings of modern make,  
And yet it is not hard to wake

Its voice to song,

The voice, perchance, that helped to seal  
The fate of fair Blanche of Castile  
When Thibault with designing zeal  
Sang low and long.

This tracery of tortoise shell  
If it could speak might softly tell  
How many bosoms rose and fell

With questionings ;

These ivory keys recall the touch  
Of fingers trembling over much  
Because of Master Cupid's clutch  
At other strings!

It may be that some swarthy Moor  
Or gentle, love-sick Troubadour



[85]

Oft used these frets to reassure  
His lady fair;  
Immortal Villon may, perchance,  
Have strummed the strings to gay romance,  
Some neat *ballade* of ancient France,  
Light, *débonnaire*.

I joy to think that Blondel may  
Have borne it on his weary way  
When through long night and lonely day  
By mead and brine,  
He sought his long-imprisoned king —  
How throbbed with mighty joy each string  
When lo, at last he heard him sing  
At Dürrenstein !

And now, here in my studio,  
It breathes of that sweet Long Ago  
When Beranger, Ronsard, Marot,  
Clemence Isaure \* \* \*  
With *lai* and *chaunt* beloved so well  
Wove wreaths of fadeless asphodel,  
And garlanded with magic spell  
Their deathless lore.



[86]

### The Unseen Ships

Through seas more vast than those of earth,  
Blown straight by heavenly wind,  
They sail with freight of priceless worth,  
These merchantmen of mind.

In alien zones, through sun and cloud,  
With varied cargoes fraught,  
What intercourse and traffic crowd  
The argosies of thought!

Oh, happy they who walk the strand  
Whereon those billows roll  
Whose ports by right divine command  
The commerce of the soul.



[87]

At Sunset

Over the tired world blows  
Breath of the sunset rose ;

Wind in the redwood trees  
Swept from the sundown seas ;

Gleam on the hilltop high  
Caught from a jeweled sky ;

Dusk in the canyon deep  
Shed from the wing of Sleep ;

Prayer in a censer swung,  
Incense from heart and tongue,

Dreams in a purple boat  
Sailing from ports remote ;

"Peace!" from a seraph fair  
Floating through twilight air.

Over the tired world blows  
Rest from the sunset rose.



[88]

### A Wedding Song

Hang the walls with branch and vine,  
Rifle glen and glade,  
Roses, do your best to shine,  
Lilies, lend your aid ;  
Let the toast be gaily quaffed,  
Raise the potion high,  
Drop good wishes in the draught,  
Drain the chalice dry.

Strike the strings and let us hear  
Mingle lute and lip,  
Up, ye minstrels, loud and clear  
Laud sweet fellowship ;  
Wherefore all this glad array ?  
Oh, for very joy !  
Cupid is our guest today,  
Bless the precious boy !



[89]

Chansonnette

The joys that we have missed —  
The broken tryst,  
The friends we never knew,  
The harp and lute unstrung,  
The songs unsung —  
A little toast to you!

The joys that we have missed —  
The lips unkind,  
The dreams that ne'er came true,  
The home-bound ships that sleep  
In havens deep —  
A little toast to you!

The joys that we have missed —  
Life's unground grist,  
Hopes unfulfilled — a few!  
The days and nights unwreathed,  
The love unbreathed —  
A little toast to you!





[90]

### The Silhouette City

(*San Francisco*)

Against a sky of rose and violet  
The city's outline clearly, sharply shows  
Against a sky of violet and rose  
The shapes of turret, tower and minaret;  
Twin Peaks, high hills in dream-repose are set,  
Around whose heads the poppy-zephyr blows,  
Twin Peaks, high hills are set in dream-repose  
Where Occident and Orient have met.

And now the skies have turned to gold and green,  
Rare jewels blaze on steeple, spire and dome —  
Far, far across the deck's low rail I lean  
And throw a kiss to thee, my natal home!  
Dream City! Pilgrim hearts alone can prize  
Such precious balm for weary, homesick eyes!



[91]

### A Signal at Sea

"And there was no more sea"! O Love,  
Let this our grief beguile,  
An olive spray borne by a dove  
From far-off sacred isle,  
Now wafted through Fate's iron bars  
O'er seas that roll between  
Two ships that sail 'neath alien stars  
In search of port serene.

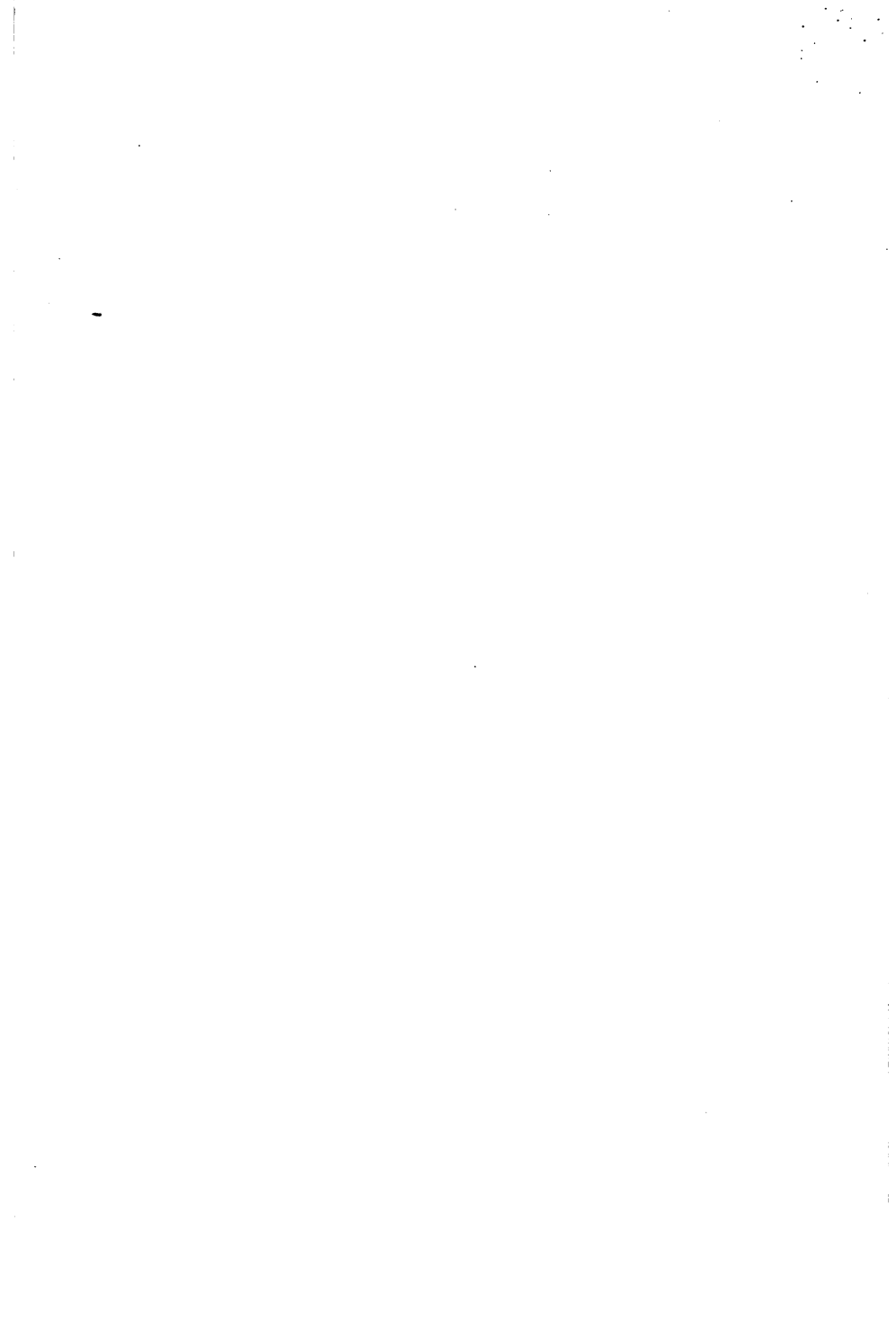
Tonight while tears more thickly blind  
The lonely course I steer,  
I fling this message to the wind  
That haply you may hear —  
O Love, though joy be in eclipse,  
What hope for you and me  
In that divine apocalypse:  
"And there was no more sea"!

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